

Making it

into the new development:
what a \$train! Builder
stages an upscale picnic

w/ broiled lobster tails.
Everyone sweet-friendly,
one neighbor throws a meat-

y arm round me: "I never hired
a nigger and I'll tell you why."

I flee to a couple of tidy
tubs from my back border: "Im-
migration? Just kill 'em."

"We're sure we can depend
on you." A guy much color-

coordinated. "We need
hundred each to start
a Republican club." But,

how do you know if...? "Hey!
You couldn't get here as

a sleazy, rabble-
rousing dem." Jesus H.,

to my wife I vent,
Christ! "Talk to that one.
she nods. It's a professor."

"Actually, I see this war
to be a necessity.

A Malthusian, I hard-
ly mourn the lessening

of the little brown
children population.

Resources are scarce, and,
perforce, must be held

for you and me.
And our progeny."

"You're a poet!"
His mammoth wife
shrieking out

from the explosion of
tablecloths form-
ing her dress.